

Miscellaneous Editorial Paragraphs

It needs no noise to make a life beautiful.

The poet says: "Heaven lies about us in infancy;" true, but when the soul is regenerated by the Spirit of God, then heaven is not *about* us only, but *in* us also.

To make the learning of God's word by the children a punishment instead of a privilege is an outrage, and makes the Book odious to the children, surrounding it with the most disagreeable associations. Try the more excellent way.

There is a whole world of beauty lying all about the unconverted man but he sees it not: the love of God, divine promises, blessed hopes, the heavenly kingdom, the joys of salvation, but of all this glorious world he *sees* and *feels* nothing until the Spirit of power opens his eyes, then there breaks upon his spiritual vision the glory of the salvation of our God which had been nigh to his door and he knew it not.

A little girl sat long on her mother's knee in silence, and then said in a low, musing tone, "When I say my prayers, God says, Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise!" Her mother asked, "What noise?" "A little girl's noise," she replied. "Then the angels will close their lips and hush their songs, and keep very still till I say Amen." There is a very sweet truth in the child's simple fancy. Every little child's prayer, every prisoner's groan, every soft sigh, every unvoiced wish, every breathing of love, goes up before God and he bends low the ear that he may hear the murmur of prayer.

The scientist tells us that the eye of a fly is so constructed as to bring the entire horizon within his circle of observation, a fact which explains the extreme alertness of these insects in escaping attack. If the Christian will avail himself of the spiritual eyesight which God has provided for those who love and obey him, he may be equally alert in escaping the attacks made upon him by the arch fiend of man, satan.

Just before Decoration Day a pastor questioned his small pupils about their knowledge of the object of the anniversary, with a rather startling result. "What do people do on Decoration Day?" he queried. A pause ensued; but finally one little fellow said: "I know. People go to the graveyards and dig up funerals." This digging up of funerals is a very common thing in the home, in the church, and especially in the prayer and class meeting where some people take special delight in resurrecting the "old man" of sin, a "feller" who should never be allowed to get his head above water when once buried.

Do not think too hardly of the man who hurts your feelings. Tho it be with a rude hand, and with no thought or care for the pain he gives you, yet he may rip up some unexpected superficiality which had begun to overlay and mildew your faith, or your love, or your humility, those realities which alone are of any worth. The faithful vitality springs to replace the poison of the sting, and by this effort manifests to its own consciousness its own immutable value. That which makes the soul enter the strong entrenchments of sterling character for defense against rude assaults of the world performs for us an office as useful as it is painful.

Ingersoll said that every act, be it good or evil, was but condition's fruit. Is this true? Could he, could any sane man say that there were no acts which are the fruit of intention? If every act is the fruit of blind condition (and he clearly sets forth this theory in the same paragraph by saying that the base and vile are victims of the blind) then there is no such thing as vice and no such thing as virtue. The moral quality of every act lies in the intention. Free will is the basis of individual, moral responsibility. True there is a mixture of liberty and necessity in the psychological forces behind every act, but in the case of every sane man or woman there is enough of the element of deliberate choice in the act, enough of the power to refrain from it, to bring in its train a solemn weight of responsibility.

On April 14, Miss Ellen M. Stone, the recently returned missionary, made her debut on the platform of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Boston, Mass., where the New England Methodist Conference was in session. Her appearance was in response to a special invitation of the Methodists, and her reception, tho unannounced was extremely cordial. Her response was very brief, referring to her long imprisonment in the mountains of Macedonia where the brigands kept her. It is a wonderful story she has to tell. Closing she said, "I can only believe that this has been the Lord's doing, and I am thankful to God that thru his wonderful providence I have been brought back to my friends."

This time it is a preacher who is in luck, that is to say in luck from a worldly point of view. Rev. R. G. Roscamp, former pastor of the Presbyterian church at Letonia, Ohio, while lecturing at Denver, Colorado, was entertained by an Elk, who presented him with some stock in a mine that had been abandoned. The mine was recently reopened and Rev. Mr. Roscamp has been offered \$100,000 for his stock, and has refused it. The matter was regarded at first as a joke but it turns out to be a reality and the little joke will net the pastor \$100,000 or more. Just what effect this new fortune will have on the spiritual life of the parson remains to be seen. Will he now give a practical example to the world of what a preacher *would* do if he were rich? Here is a splendid opportunity for the pastor to set an example to his worldly parishioners.

New Castle, Pa., has a new Mayor, and as a result wickedness trembles. All speak-easy keepers and gamblers have been notified to get out of business, while all licensed liquor dealers have been informed that they must obey the law. Mayor Jackson said: "This is not a reform. I am not a reform man and do not wish the impression to get out that I am. I am simply going to enforce the laws. If any of them prove unpopular the people will have to go to the law makers for relief. This is not a wide-open town. If there is any person here who objects to the speak-easies, gambling houses and places of ill repute there are plenty of railroads leading out of the city and the fare is cheap." The young Mayor's course is meeting with the approbation of all leading citizens. A little wholesome enforcement of the laws in other cities and towns would be equally welcome and effective. It would be a happy thing for Ashland, whose Mayor is father-in-law to one of the liquor sellers and being a coward himself, the law is unenforced.